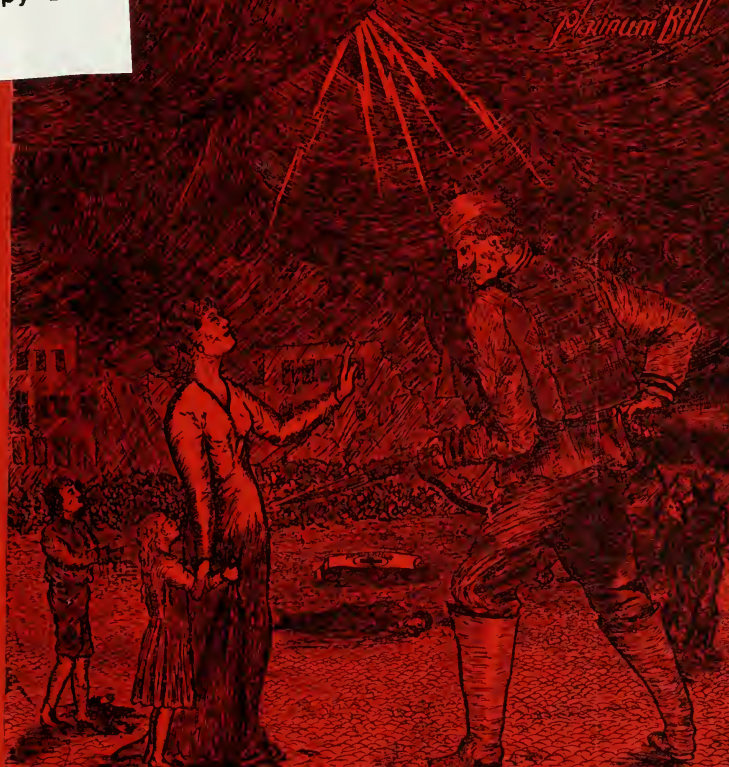


The RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

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or
The Reincarnation of Romulus
After 2500 Years

Platinum Bill







THE
RAPE of the BELGIANS

OR

THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS
AFTER 2,500 YEARS
with Explanatory Sketch of

ANCIENT ROMAN HISTORY

also

NEW WAR SONGS

AND

OTHER POEMS

by

"PLATINUM BILL"

Smith, Alfred Robert

Copyright 1918 by W. E. Smith, Myrtle Point, Oregon

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THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

The Reincarnation of Romulus After Two-
Thousand Five-Hundred Years.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

Those who are easily shocked by plain facts plainly told are advised not to read this work, since, in order to bring home the enormity of the awful crimes of the Huns, the use of flowery language has been entirely dispensed with, the absolute nudity of the facts being deemed necessary to the proper arraignment of these unscrupulous

offenders, who have thrown to the four winds all laws of nations, humanity and morality.

Tho the language employed is stripped of all elegance, it but emphasizes the paucity of the English language of words fit to describe these horrors, the like of which have never been known since the world began.

I have no apology to make for the use of many expressions that are not ordinarily permissable in polite society and only regret that I am unable to find words to express even a fraction of the unutterable horrors I am attempting to describe.

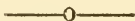
The language I have employed is bold—some will no doubt say shocking—but this world has reached a stage where shocks are of such common occurrence that something far out of the ordinary is needed to rouse it to a full realization of the true meaning of

the deliberately planned campaign of frightfulness which is a part of the Prussian plans for world domination, and which must be repressed with a determination and sternness that has no time for respect of the conventionalities.

If there is anything in the theory of re-incarnation it will not require any great stretch of imagination on the part of the reader who is acquainted with Roman history and the history of the Hohenzollern family, to unite the links in the chain and see for himself that these deductions are not entirely without foundation.

If I have been able thru "The Rape of the Belgians" to create in the mind of a single reader a more thoro appreciation of the real horror of the awful atrocities to which the poor Belgians, and many of the

French as well, have been subjected by these reincarnated decedents of the bastard spawn of a she-wolf and a heathen god, I shall feel that I have done my country and the world at large a distinct service, and if this story but serves to inspire a single soldier to greater acts of valor in defense of humanity, I am more than rewarded, and shall perhaps not feel so keenly the fact that I am so far past the military age that I may not personally take part in meting out the justice these fiends so richly deserve.



PREFACE TO
THE RAPE OF THE BELGIAN MARTYRS

—or—

The Reincarnation of Romulus After Two-Thousand
Five-Hundred Years

The author has endeavored to draw a comparison between the rape of the Sabines in the middle ages, 750 years before Christ, and the present day performances of the unspeakable Huns in their treatment of the non-combatants who have been unfortunate enough to be caught in their drive, and particularly the women and children of Martyred Belgium.

Page Eleven

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

The comparison, it is needless to say, is not favorable to the Huns.

"The Sabine women were raped, 'tis true," but they were afterward made the lawful wives of their captors and not only shown every consideration but were actually given a share in their husbands' property, and later on were the means of uniting the two nations.

On the other hand, the Huns have forcibly debauched even the very young girls of France and Belgium, while women found with child have been ripped up lest they bear sons innocent of Prussian blood, while their equally innocent children have been cruelly murdered or maimed.

As compared with the acts of the Romans under King Romulus, the Prussians under Kaiser Willhelm stand about on a par with the lowest savages ever known compared with the people of our own time and country.

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

For the information of those of his readers who have not read the history of the founding of Rome, he has given a short synopsis of the story, as found in books one and two of Titus Livius' History of Rome, Spillan's translation from the original text.

The closing lines of the verse indicate the inference as to what will happen to the world should the Kaiser be permitted to conclude peace on any terms short of unconditional surrender, and the sentence passed by the prophet of old—"his seed shall utterly die." with a suggestion as to the most appropriate way of putting it into effect.

HISTORY—THE KAISER'S EXCUSE

Approximately 750 years before Christ Rome was founded.

In reading the history of ancient Rome we find that Romulus and Remus, twin-sons of the vestal virgin Rhea, whom she declared had been sired by Mars, either because she really believed it to be so, or on the theory that a god was a more creditable author of her offense than man, were thrown, by command of King Amulius, their uncle, into the current of the Tiber River.

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

Owing to the fact the water was high at the time, but rapidly subsided, the children, who had been placed in a kind of trough, were left by the falling waters safely on dry ground.

A shepherd chancing that way, found them being licked by a she-wolf, while they in turn, are said to have been drawing nourishment from her dugs.

In course of time, having arrived at man's estate, they decided to build a city on the spot where they had been found, having by this time a considerable following among the shepherds who inhabited that portion of the country, but quarreled among themselves, and Remus was killed.

The city soon grew to considerable size, thro being augmented by many who fled from neighboring states, both bond and free.

There were not however, many women among them, so that altho the Roman state was now become a match for any of the neighboring nations in

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

war, yet because of the paucity of women, they had no hope of issue and greatness could last but for one age of man.

Romulus sent ambassadors to various neighboring states soliciting the privilege of intermarriage for his subjects, but these did not obtain a favorable hearing, their advances being in most cases repulsed with open scorn. The youth of Rome bitterly resented this untoward conduct on the part of their neighbors, and indications pointed unquestionably to violence.

Romulus, favoring this, hid his resentment, and prepared great sports and games, proclaiming the spectacle among the neighboring states who came in great numbers to see it.

The Sabines, also came with their wives and children, and after being shown the city and its fortifications, at the extent of which they were aston-

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

ished, were hospitably invited to the different houses, and when they were busily occupied in watching the games a tumult was started, and the young women were seized by the Romans, and carried off to their homes, where they were compelled to submit to the embraces of their captors, tho they were afterwards pacified and joined in lawful marriage.

Several small wars were afterwards started by the neighboring states to avenge the indignity that had been put upon them, but as the states each acted separately and at different times, the Romans easily vanquished them.

The last state to act was the Sabines, who were by far the most formidable, and for a time, were successful, but the Sabine women, from the outrage on whom the war originated, thru themselves between the combatants imploring their fathers on one side, their husbands on the other, "that as fathers-in-law and sons-in-law they would not contaminate each

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

other with impious blood, nor stain their offspring with parricide, the one their grand-children, the other their children. If you are dissatisfied with the affinity between you, if with our marriages, turn your resentment against us, we are the cause of war, we of wounds and of bloodshed to our husbands and parents, it were better that we perish than live widowed or fatherless without one or other of you."

A peace was arranged and one state formed out of the two, thus adding to the strength and power of Rome.

The writer has endeavored to draw a comparison between the rape of the Sabines in the early history of Rome and the raping and torturing of Belgium and French women and children by the Germans.

The comparison is not favorable to present day civilization and shows Romulus, king of a horde of

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

nondescript refugees from justice, slaves and robber bands, who were the real founders of Rome, as a highly civilized monarch, when the rape of the Sabines and succeeding events, are compared with the atrocities and indignities which have been heaped upon the women and children of the territory they have overrun by the unspeakable Huns.

While the language employed is not only plain, but decidedly strong, it but emphasizes the paucity of the English language and its utter inability to adequately express the sentiments of civilized peoples with regard to inhuman cruelties these martyrs have been compelled to endure.

An abject apology is due the Shade of Romulus for the comparison and inference that Kaiser Wilhelm is a reincarnation of his spirit.



THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

—or—

The Reincarnation of Romulus After Two-Thousand
and Five-Hundred Years.

PRELUDE

Now Wilhelm was neighbor to Albert;
Each ruled his own country—at peace
With the world and peoples around them
And Germany's "Kultur" increased.
Her colonies world o'er were thriving:
Her ships o'er the seven seas sailed;
Her fact'ries sold goods thru the whole earth;

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

Art, literature business, love,
Had spread wide the fame of her people;
She had grown to a great world pow'r;

Nor did world or Albert suspect her
While o'er Belgium her fact'ries spread:
With design deep—foul as Iscariot's—
Thus foundations for great guns she placed;
Commanding positions strengthened,
Under white flag of business—peace.

Romulus gained his end by deceit
And deceit enabled the Hun
To perfect his plans for rape of world
Would out-rape the rape of Sabines.

A system of spies he created
While outward at peace with the world,
Commissioned to warlike sabotage
Yet long before war was declared.

The Belgians, a peace loving nation,

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

Like a child in it's mother's arms,
Suspected no wrong of their neighbor—
Thot his interests also their own.
The king and his court were rejoicing—
The people, with laughter and song
Recounted the year's many blessings,
Tho the year was yet far from gone.
A bountiful harvest in sight—
Their storehouses full—running over—
Mills and fact'ries all running full time—
All classes contented with life.

THE RE-INCARNATION

Until Romulus, ancient Roman,
Whose spirit for two-thousand years
Released from a mummified body
Had sought thru the earth all in vain
For a human, with bestial nature,

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

Egotistical, self supreme—
One sired by wolf-hound, hungry and gaunt;
Dammed by witch from the depths of Hell;
Nurtured and suckled on breasts of hate;
With no love in his heart at all
For God, nor man, nor country, nor home;
Who'd make the world tremble in fear,
At last had found, after many years,
Human monster to fill the bill,
Whose ancestors fought 'round the hills of Rome
While the Romans raped the Sabines.

THE ARRAIGNMENT

Thus hist'ry doth but repeat itself,
For spirit of Romulus found
Creature at last his purpose to serve,
But exceeding his wildest dreams.
To that body his spirit gave life,

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

And it waxed both cruel and strong,
Till it's pulse today world 'round is felt
And Satan 's ashamed of his own.

The Sabine women were raped, 'tis true,
But with a high purpose 'twas done—
They were given homes—made honored wives
And their children nurtured with care,
Lest the race should die and pow'r of Rome
Should fill an untimely grave.
Could Romulus now see work he's wrought,
His bones would turn o'er in the tomb.

*

*

*

*

THE CHARGE

Ne'er yet had the Belgians so prospered;
Ne'er yet had their cup been so full;
At peace with the world as a nation;
Well content with the blessings they had,
They honored King Albert, who ruled them

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

And loved both their home and their flag.

Nor sought they to wrong each the other;
They dream'd of nor conquest nor war;
They followed the arts of the peaceful,
Yet wisely were always prepared
To resist an hostile invasion—
Each man was a soldier well trained.

Tho fear of invasion they knew not,
With nations on all sides they'd made
A peace pact—a promise—a treaty,
That neutral they'd always remain
No matter what struggles around them
Were brot by the passing of time.

But sudden their bright sky was clouded
By Satan's own spawn in the flesh.
The treaties he called "scraps of paper"—
They must forfeit honor or fight.
Nor waited he yet on their answer—

OF THE REINCAENATION OF ROMULUS

This "ten horn-ed beast" from "the book."

But quickly his armies threw forward—

Spies opened the gates from inside—

And not only soldiers he slaughtered,

He wrought the unpard'nable sin;

Blasphemed he the Holy of Holies,

Saying "God 's his partner" in crime.

Fathers he tore from their families—

Deported to slave for the Hun;

Children he 's torn from the mother's breast—

A poor mangled body cast back;

Sacred motherhood, heavy with child

Foul fiends have ripp'd up with a laugh

Lest they bear sons this outrage who 'd 'venge

Of their land, their parents and homes.

Nor stopped they at all at these horrors;

Slimy spawn of Hell's foulest of fiends—

They ravished the land's fairest maidens—

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

Not one man, but whole companies—corps.
Into front line trenches they took them—
Chained there, for brutes' use at their will,
'Neath shrieks and shells, shrapnel and wounded—
Mad with lust—excess knew no bounds.

Hell's outpouring years has continued.

"The beast," in the form of a man,
Has not only ravished the maidens;
Ripp'd up mothers heavy with child;
Maimed and murdered innocent children;
Burned cities; has razed temples old;
Sunk hospital ships; fired on Red Cross;
Crucifixion's torture revived;
Sunk passenger ships without warning;
From air bombed unfortified towns;
Liquid fire, poison gas—there's naught left
Of horror that He has not used—
Witch cauldron and Hell, both he's gutted;

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

The wrath of them both he has spent.
He'd lower the status of women
To brood stock, for sons they can raise;
His officers licensed as stud stock—
Sent them forth o'er the country to breed;
All women they reach to impregnate
With spawn of his Devil's own brood.

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

But one thing this fiend most Satanic
In looks and in actions as well,
Has forgot, in his scheme so Hellish—
'Twill prove his undoing at last;
Forgot that the hand of the mother,
While rocking the cradle all day,
Molds the mind as well as the body;
That children begotten of slaves
Will in time master's strength far outgrow.

Thus builds he but to his undoing;

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

blaspheming alike God and man.
On quicksands of wrath his foundation;
Soon back to the depths he'll return,
Fulfilling the words of the prophet—
"That thou sawest was, and is not—"
"The cup she hath filled, to her double—"
We'll measure it full to the brim.

THE RESOLUTION

The whole world is fighting for freedom
From throttling grasp of the Hun—
All earth's manhood, stung into action,
Ne'er can 'venge the moans that were wrung
From poor Belgium's women and children,
Say nothing of Italy, France,
Britain, Russia, of our own country,
Japan or the rest of the world.

His spies have infested all Russia;

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

They've even got over in France,
While here in our midst they are thicker
Than we have idea as yet.
The havoc they'd wreak on our country,
Once did the mastery gain,
Would make rape of France and of Belgium,
Or even the hist'ry of Rome,
Fade away until they were nothing;
'Twould quick of the world END THIS AGE.

So shoulder to shoulder we'll march on
'Till "beast with ten horns" is destroyed;
'Till the world 's safe once more to live in;
'Till right shall be stronger than might;
'Till honor of women 's respected;
'Till "Kultur" no longer doth thrive.

Until Belgium's honor 's rewarded—
Her martyrdom saved the whole world—
We can not sheathe the sword with honor;

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

'Thout honor 'twere better to die.

For, "honor thy father and mother,"
We could not obey and hang back;
'Twould be our wives, daughters and sweethearts
The Hun would be ravishing next;
Our children the brutes would be maiming;
Our mothers when heavy with child
Foul fiends would rip up lest they bear sons;
Our cities they'd raze to the ground.

So let there be never a slacker
'Neath flag of the "Home of the Free."
We'll fight, to the last man and dollar,
And DIE, 'ere to Hun we'll submit.

SUBMISSION DEFINED

To submit means civilization
Goes backward for thousands of years,
To time Ancient Rome was founded,
When "Romulus raped the Sabines."

We'd return to the middle ages;
Christianity quick would fade,
And ambition of ancient Roman
To be "Romulus, King o' th' World,"
'Tho he lived two lives to encompass,
Would ring down the halls of all time
As fruited long after the blossom
Had lost both its beauty and strength.

Thus words of the prophesy spoken
By St. John the Baptist, of old,
Are brot to our minds fresher daily,
And "Romulus liveth again."

'Tho of old he raped neighbor women,
That Rome might continue to live,
He's re-incarnated much bolder—
He would rape the whole world today.

But think not 'tis the German people—
With blonde hair, blue eyes, tender, true,

THE RAPE OF THE BELGIANS

That thus we are boldly accusing ;
'Tis but the unspeakable HUN !
The Prussian, whose lust for world power,
So he doth accomplish his end,
Counts not human life, human suff'ring—
Recks not of the ruin he's wrought.

THE SENTENCE

'Tis he and his horde of whoremongers
"O'er whom vials of wrath shall pour"
'Till not one lone man is left living ;
'His seed shall be utterly lost ;"
But hold ! mere death is too mild a form
Hun's horrible sins to requite ;
A LIVING DEATH is more fitting way
To repay his horrible crimes—
Example set, lest in future years,

OR THE REINCARNATION OF ROMULUS

When the world is peaceful again,
Another fiend spewed from womb of Hell,
Should prove to his spirit contain.

Tho "all his seed shall utterly die,"
Let his fate a warning still sound,
Lest spirit seek to return again
And still greater horrors commit.
Let him live, but live as an eunuch,
Unsexed and unhonored of men—
Tho mingling freely among them,
Despised by the women—not feared;
Thus only let these fiendish monsters
Allowed be on earth to remain.



NEW WAR SONGS
AND
OTHER POEMS



MARCHING ON TO BERLIN!

(Tune—Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)

I

Now the cruel war is on
And it never will be done

While a German flag is flaunted to the breeze;
For the Kaiser's haughty boast,
And his mighty, well trained host—
Their unwarlike acts our blood did fairly freeze;
So we're—

Chorus

Marching, Marching on to Berlin,
Cheering as we swing along;
And beneath the Allies' flags—
Even tho they're shot to rags—
We will face the German cannon with a
song.

NEW WAR SONGS

II

Bear and Lion side by side
With the Cock now proudly stride
As they march the Belgians cruel wrongs to right;
Italy the land of song
Also helps undo the wrong
Even Uncle Sam at last is forced to fight.
So we're—

Chorus

III

Now that Uncle Sam's gone in
Germans sure can never win
Little Cuba, too will try to do her share;
And the war mad Beast at last
Will find that he's hard and fast
In the clutches of an angry grizzly bear.
So then—

AND OTHER POEMS

Second Chorus

List, list, list, the boys are marching
Cheer up comrades, here we come
Uncle Sam could stand no more
Now we'll even up the score
Soon we'll whip the Kaiser and be march-
ing home.

IV

From far India's coral strand;
From Australia's distant land;
From Ireland, Scotland, Wales the Shetlands, too;
From Afric's southern zone;
From the Yukon's northern home;
From New Zealand and all Canada, they flew.
And they're

First Chorus

VIII

While our brave boys go to war
We at home will do our share—

NEW WAR SONGS

V

Now the Eagle side by side
With the Cock doth proudly stride,
And they soon the Belgians cruel wrongs will right;
'Till when at last the war is done
And the last fierce battle won,
The Prussians' sun will sink clear out of sight.
So then—

Second Chorus

VI

From the distant Phillipines,
From Alaska's golden mines,
From the Virgin Isles and even Panama;
From the North and from the South,
East and West, there 's but one mouth—
Woodrow Wilson speaks—the whole world cries:
“Hurrah!”

So then

Chorus

AND OTHER POEMS

VII

When at last the tyrant 's crushed,

And the battle's roar is hushed,

And no German flag insults the morning air;

May they then march home once more,

Nevermore to go to war—

And the sun of "World Peace" rise, both bright and
fair.

For we're

Chorus

So then

Second Chorus

NOTE—(Substitute the words "They're" and "They" for the words "We're" and "We" in the chorus of the third and fourth verses, singing a triple chorus on the last verse.

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Registered, Stationer's Hall, London, E. S., 1914.

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Additional verse to be used as desired.

NEW WAR SONGS

We'll protect them with a breastwork made of gold;
When he hears our money holler;
Both the rich and poor man's dollar;
Kaiser Bill will wish he had not been so bold.
For we're

Third Chorus

Marching, marching on to Berlin;
Men and money side by side.
Full one hundred milion strong,
Backed by Hundred-Billion Long,
Soon upon the fence will hang the Kaiser's hide.

IX

For the banner of the free—
Honor'd flag of Liberty—
We will raise an Hundred Billion, if need be
To protect our fathers, sons,
Who go forth to fight the Huns—

AND OTHER POEMS

Gladly loan our dollars, all, for Liberty.

For they're

Chorus

Marching, marching on to Berlin;

For their homes and flag they'll die—

And it never shall be said

That our soldiers fought and bled

While we parted with our dollars with a sigh.

WHEN UNCLE SAM GOES CALLING ON THE KAISER

Blow the bugle once again, we're fighting for the
right;
Fighting as we ne'er yet fought, against a tyrant's
might;
Fighting lest our homes and lov'd ones fall neath des-
pot's blight;
That's why we're calling on the Kaiser.

Chorus

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll get the Kaiser's goat!
We'll make him wish he ne'er had seen
"U-boat—"

Ever will he curse the day he set the first afloat
When Sammy calls upon the Kaiser.

II

It's not so far to Berlin that we'll not get there and
back

AND OTHER POEMS

We'll do it too in record time, now that we're on the
track

Of Willie Hohenzollern and his Prussian eagle black,
So now we're calling on the Kaiser.

III

Uncle Sam a duty has; the way to it is plain.
The duty isn't pleasant—'twill be wrought with grief
and pain;

This old world must be made safe to live in once
again;

That's why we're calling on the Kaiser.

Chorus

IV

This good old tune was sung before by fifty thousand
men—

When we get to Berlin we will sing it once again;
Tho the chorus will be sung by hundred million, when
Uncle Sam goes calling on the Kaiser.

Chorus

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

My boy has gone over the ocean;
With others he's gone o'er the sea
To face German bay'nets and cannon;
To fight for the country—and me.

Our country has need of her bravest;
Our country has need of them all;
So I gave up the son that Thou gavest
To answer to that country's call.

Oh! God, in the thick of the battle,
When bravely he's facing the fray,
'Mid the deafening roar and the rattle,
Wilt Thou protect him, I pray.

AND OTHER POEMS

I gave up the son that Thou gavest
In answer to his country's call,
And I pray God to pity the Bravest—
The Mother, who gives up her all.

His heart and his country were calling,
And bravely he fared forth to fight,
Where death's missiles thickly are flying;
Far from a fond mother's sight.

If he dies, wilt Thou comfort the lonely,
Sad lot, that I thenceforth must face,
For he was my all, and the only
Hope left for me now is Thy Grace.

NOTE—May be sung to tune of "My Bonnie."

Ode to "ME UNDT GOTT."

A Reverie

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O'er the erstwhile pleasant fields of little Belgium,
Where the children's happy laughter rang all
day,

And in quaint old towns and cities, sounds the war
drum,

While the husbands, fathers, brothers march
away—

To fight—if need be, die—but stop the German,
Lest o'er mothers' wives and sisters he should
sway

His "military rule," the curse of freemen,
Enslaving all, the young, the old and gray.

A few months past and he was "our good neighbor,"
With promises, like pie crust, made to break;

NEW WAR SONGS

But when it suits a war lord's idle favor,

 He cares not, though a million hearts may ache;
Though wailing infants call in vain for father;
Though temples old, and filled with priceless
 treasure,
 Are razed and ruined, ne'er to rise again.

When foiled he wreaks his spite on non-combatants,
 And maims the child that dares its voice to
 raise.

He levies tax on peaceable inhabitants,
 And threatens—yes, does—set their town
 ablaze.

On Red Cross flags he has no hesitation
 At training guns and shelling nurse and
 maimed;

And then he wonders why another nation
 Should think that HE could possibly be blamed.

NEW WAR SONGS

I s'pose he thinks that when the war is over
And countless millions--by his stern command--
Have yielded lives, wealth, all, nor dared to cover
Aught of the suffering throughout the land;
That when, in turn, he's called to face the Master,
He'll find a seat high up, at God's right hand;
But first Saint Peter'll bid him "travel faster,"
And e'en the Devil won't disgrace his band.

* * * * *

An outcast then he'll be from Heaven, Earth and
Hell;

Then "Me undt Gott" will sure be feeling swell.
No place there is in earth, or sky, or sea,
Where "Welcome Home" is writ for such as he;
But, doomed to wander all eternity through space,
When even Hell's worst devils shun his face,
At last, in this small measure, he'll repay
The awful horrors he has caused today.

I'M DER KAISER

(Tune— "I'm the Man that Wrote Ta-Ra-Ra, Boom-de-ay.")

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Reg. Stationers' Hall, London, E. S., 1914 by W. R. Smith.

"I'm the man that set the whole world by the ears

"Till the rifers all ran salty mit der tears;

"I'm der House of Hohenzollern,

"At whom all der world is hollerin';

"I'm der Kaiser, undt you'd better haf your fears."

"I vill make der whole world sorry that I am';

"After dis bunch I vill tackle Uncle Sam;

"I vill make der worldt see redt;

"They'll be gladt ven I am deadt;

"I'm der Kaiser—Gif to ME der grandt salaam!"

"My throne vill soon be notings but a stool;

"I suspect dot I haf made meinself a fool:

"I haf set der world agog

"Ofer nodings but a dog:

"I've been stubborn as an old time army mule."

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAGS

Copyright Canada, 1914 by W. R. Smith

Reg. Stationers' Hall, London, E. S., 1914 by W. R. Smith.

Come rally 'round the flags, boys; come rally once
again;

We must force back that line of Germans.
We're fighting for the honor of a flag without a
stain,

And for the freedom of poor Belgium.

Chorus

The Allies forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah!

Down with the German, up with the Cross,
And we'll rally 'round the flags, boys, yes, rally
once again,

And keep fighting till we whip the
Germans.

AND OTHER POEMS

We're hemmed in right and hemmed in left, with
Germans all around,
But still our battalions never waver;
And in hollow square formation still dispute each
inch of ground,
For Belgium surely looks to us to save her.

Chorus

When the war is over we will march back home
once more,
Waving our battle flags on high, sir,
We'll march then with a prouder step than e'er we
had before—
When we have whipped the German Kaiser.

Chorus

NOTE—Sing second line of chorus, "Up With the Stars."
Chorus originally written for Canadian and British soldiers.

THE BURNING OF LOUVAIN

251

Over peaceful town and village
 War has desolation sown,;
Havoc, death, destruction, pillage,
 Since the dove of peace has flown.
Since the cruel-hearted Germans
 Made our land a living Hell,
It has seemed as though all humans
 Suffered more than tongue could tell.
On the German hordes came marching,
 Crushing all 'neath iron heel,
Though our soldiers, ere departing,
 Fought them, hand to hand, with steel.
When our troops could fight no longer,
 (Thinking thus our homes to save)

AND OTHER POEMS

As the German arms were stronger,
To them, then, the town they gave.

Left behind their homes and treasures—
Thought the victors would be fair:
When peace came, once more life's pleasures
They'd enjoy together there.
But the German, flushed with vic'try;
Mad with lust to burn and kill;
Maimed our children—sad the story—
Burned "the City on the Hill."

Children vainly cry for father;
Nevermore will he return.
Sister said farewell to brother
Ere the town began to burn.
Now our city lies in ashes,
Ne'er to be restored again:
Sacred dead, through whose closed lashes
Eyes will ne'er see fair Louvain.

NEW WAR SONGS

But staunch Allies rushed to 'venge her:

Heedless they of cost or pain.

World is shocked at ruthless slaughter

And destruction of Louvain.

Lion shakes his mane in anger;

Cock struts proudly, spurs agleam;

Bear is growling, "Ware o' danger";

Soon they'll reach historic stream.

Germans then long score must settle—

Settlement can ne'er restore;

But our Allies' honest mettle

Soon must end this cruel war.

When at last the War is over—

Though with Vict'ry dearly won,

Peace and love will soon be blended

Darkest hours to shining sun.

MEN WANTED—MEN!

Men Wanted—MEN! The cry resounds
From North to South, from East to West.
Thru-out the whole wide world today
The call goes up for **Manly Men!**
Men with the nerve to do and dare;
Men whom nor price nor bribe can reach—
Not great of stature, but of mind
Great as earth yet has e'er produc'd.
Men who can calm the raging flood
Of blood-mad Europe's awful wars—
Men who in legislative hall
Will dare the Money King defy;
Whose sole ambition is to serve
Their fellow man as best they may—
For **Honest Men**, who dare to think,

NEW WAR SONGS

And, thinking, also dare to Act—
Whom no man can intimidate
Tho even Hell itself should yawn;
Who hold the honor of their word
Of value, more than sacks of gold—
Men who have not gone money mad;
Hold life but cheap at honor's side—
Men with the nerve to stand alone;
Who rather right than king would be—
Men with a punch, with ginger, vim;
Who'll make things hum on ev'ry line—
Men who will dare new paths to tread;
Who'll level mountains, rivers chain;
Link seas together, pierce the sky;
Lay bare the ocean's deepest depth—
Whose aims are high, whose thots are pure;
Men who can soothe the hour of pain,
Or croon a restless babe to sleep;

AND OTHER POEMS

Men who love women, horses, dogs,
To whom all children run and cling;
Men who will **Fight**, if need be **Die**.
Where woman's honor is at stake,
Yet not ashamed to shed a tear
Of sympathy at real distress;
Who honor women, love their home;
For **Mighty** and for **Gentle MEN**!
For **Men** who dare to think new thots;
Men who will dare reach out and grasp
New things from out the great unknown.
And bring them down within our reach—
Men with the power to create;
Men who have brain and brawn and thew;
Men who will venture far afield
And deem that they are well repaid
If to humanity they bring
One thing that's new—of benefit—

NEW WAR SONGS

That saves a life, or cheapens cost
Of living, in these times of stress;
Enables man to compass more;
Yet better to his home defend.

For such as these let trumpets blare;
Go sound the tocsin, fire the gun,
Nor fear that yet his brain will boil
With madness from the lust for pow'r;
That he will build but to destroy;
Tho such are rare, they're pure as snow.

It has been said there are none such;
That all men on this earth today
Have each a price at which they'll sell;
That honor's now a thing unknown;
That world's gone mad with greed of gold.

Yet while of many this be true
Did they their lust for power sate;
They'd sink a ship, derail a train,

AND OTHER POEMS

Break all laws or wreck a nation,
Destroy a home or sell a slave,
We've still among us **Manly Men**;
But such are modest, do not seek
An office for emolument,
Nor push themselves up to the front—
But rather seek a lowly place;
At honest labor daily toil.

For such as these let call go forth!
Go search them out from ev'ry land;
Then, when you find them, place them high
And quell this madness o'er the world.

Go hang the sign on ev'ry post;
In shop, in fact'ry, office, store.
In ev'ry land, o'er all the seas,
The world has need of **Men** today—

Go post the sign—**Men Wanted—MEN!**

WELCOME HOME

Written for the Reception tendered the Oregon National
Guard on their return from Mexico.

TUNE—"When Johnnie Comes Marching Home."

The boys have come home from Mexico,
So we'll give them the glad hand;
Not one of them funk'd on word to go,
At bat not one of 'em faun'd.
For months they've endured th' misery
And the hardships of camp life—
Their welcome now is not flattery,
For many a one has a wife:
And kiddies, perhaps, besides, to love,
To shelter—if need be die—

AND OTHER POEMS

So answered at once the call to rove
To fields where the bullets fly.
Many a one was an only son,
Pride of a mother's heart,
Still answered bugle call on th' run,
Determined to do his part.
Then welcome home to the boys in blue;
The boys in the olive drab—
Give them our best—girls 'tis up to you
Each one a soldier to grab.
Let this be a time he'll ne'er forget
When his country calls for **men**,
So that he will fight still better yet
For home and Oregon then

Then here's again to the boys in blue,
And the boys in the olive drab;
Willing to die for the flag they flew,
And sleep unmarked by a slab.

NEW WAR SONGS

No need to blush for a maiden's kiss

If she in such arms doth lie.

Our country has **need** of men like this,

Who're ready to do or die—

Our heroes bold are worth **more than gold!**

Without such we'd have no home!

Let no one turn them a shoulder cold

Or force them again to roam.

The old job's waiting for them today,

Or a new one, better still;

They've done their part and they've earned their
pay—

Three cheers! they're back! all's well!

OREGON AT THE FRONT

Written for the Reception of the Oregon National Guard on
their return from Mexico.

We've just got back from Mexico,
Where we've been for a year
Pertendin' we wus amigo
Which peons thot was queer;
Because to come down there with guns
An' all rig'd out for war,
Somehow alter'd their conceptions
An' seem'd to make them sore.

II

Now we've eaten their tortillas
An' tasted their mescal
An' we're fed up on frijoles,

NEW WAR SONGS

But haven't seen a gal
Among all their senoritas
We wanted for a pal,
An' we're sick of san' an' cactus,
Plumb tired of it all.

III

An' if it wasn't san', 'twas mud—
Away up to your knees,
An' when it wasn't boiling hot
It stuck to your puttees
Until your feet each weighed a ton,
An' then you'd wish for rain
To come an' thin it down again
An' spread it o'er th' plain.

IV

So what with watchin' all th' day
Fer snipers in th' trees

AND OTHER POEMS

An' standin' guard at night—I say,
 We didn't have much ease.
So when the order came to break
 Our camp, an' hit th' trail
It didn't many hours take
 Till we were under sail.

V

An' now at last we're home once more
 In good ol' Oregon,
We hope we ne'er see foreign shore
 An' least of all, th' Don.
Our home look mighty good to us—
 On mountain or on plain—
An' ne'er again we'll make a fuss
 O'er greasers that are slain.

VI

They can hav their prickly cactus
 An' red hot sands as well—

NEW WAR SONGS

Old Oregon will do for us,
While Mexico is—well,
It isn't just th' place we'd pick
To make our camp for life,
With revolutions 'round so thick
And startling rumors rife.

VII

So farewell to Pancho Villa
And all his robber bands,
Hacienda, country villa;
To sunny Southern lands;
To th' dark eyed senoritas
With lang'rous Southern grace;
Witching amigo chiquitas
With ever smiling face.

VII

Also farewell to th' t'rant'lers
And other pests as well;

AND OTHER POEMS

Snakes an' centipedes an' panthers,
That make your life a hell.
You couldn't either eat or sleep
But what some pesky bug
Would drop in grub or o'er you creep—
Go swimming in your mug.

IX

So glad we are once more to sit
Beneath our vine and tree;
And altho we have done our bit
We'll always ready be
To answer to our country's call—
Defend that Grand Old Flag
Tho stout or slim, tho short or tall,
Not one of us will lag.

SONS OF ONE FLAG

Inspired by the remarks of a Jew in a crowd in front of one
of the Portland newspaper offices on the day the
U. S. Severed Relations with Germany.

February 3rd, 1917.

In a surging crowd in a city street
Stood a man of a race despised.
There were wild war rumors abroad that day
And the crowd was hungry for news.

At last in the window they watched, appeared
A bulletin, short and terse;
And it told of a country's overt acts—
Told of friendship's bonds destroyed;
It said our ambassador was recalled
And that theirs' had been dismissed.

AND OTHER POEMS

It told how our nation had reached the end
Of patience and now must fight,
Unless the offender should cease to kill
Our neutral sailors at sea—
Live up to the international laws
Re neutrals in time of war.

In silence that crowd the bulletin read;
A silence that could be felt;
And then men looked in each other's eyes,
To see if each felt the shock.

The man of the race unjustly despised
Sure read them a lesson that day.
While some just gasped at the horrors of war
That so blackly loomed o'er the sky;
Mutt'rings arose in the crowd here and there,
And some look'd at him with contempt,
As tho to be here they'd question his right—
For was not his "a race despised"—
But first to find voice in that mutt'ring throng,

NEW WAR SONGS

Was the Jew—and he thrilled them all.

“I’m a Jew,” he said, “but if Uncle Sam

“Is in need of men today,

“I am ready to go and do my part

“Neath the flag of the Stripes and Stars.

“When I came to your country, sore oppressed,

“With little of worldly goods,

“I was given shelter and wealth have gained,

“And **‘this is MY COUNTRY NOW!’**”

Men look’d in awed silence to see who spoke—

Then looked in each others’ eyes—

Then looked again, but he’d slipp’d away

‘Midst the gath’ring throng that sought,

In awe stricken silence, some scrap of news

That would clear their minds of doubt.

This may not be much, but it goes to show

That we’re all **Americans** here,

Whether Gentile or Jew, Italian, Dutch,

Norwegian or Swede, French descent,

AND OTHER POEMS

Flag we've adopted—has adopted us—
We're now men of **One Race—ONE FLAG.**

So no longer look down on one who speaks
With accent that tells of his birth;
For all of us sprung at no ancient date,
From some of those same foreign lands.
We're men of one country—men of one flag—
No matter from whence we have sprung;
If each does his duty well as that Jew,
His birth makes no difference here.
We're all of us nephews of Uncle Sam
If we're loyal to flag that waves
Round the world today, the emblem of truth,
Of honor, to shelter oppress'd.
'Neath oppression's dark sway that flag was born;
For honor and justice today
It waves 'round th' world—where're you were born,
Asks but that **true MAN** you remain.
So whether you're Greek, Turk, Egyptian, Dutch,

NEW WAR SONGS

Scotch, Irish, Norwegian or Swede,
It isn't the place you were born that counts,
Or what your ancestry has been:
Long as we're **MEN** in true sene of the word,
We're all of us **SONS OF ONE FLAG !**

YOUR STATE AND MINE—OUR OREGON

Copyright 1917 by W. R. Smith, Myrtle Point, Oregon

Our country calls for men to fight;
To help maintain the truth and right;
 To **keep** her banner on the seas,
 And bring the Kaiser to his knees;
And we who live in Oregon,
'Midst roses fair to look upon—
 We'll help maintain that State's fair
 name—
 Enroll a list that brooks no shame.

With men enlisted to excess
In each line country calls, I guess

AND OTHER POEMS

The next best thing for us to do
Would be to buy a bond or two;
Help swell the fund for Liberty;
Help make our State a rarity.
So men we sent and bonds we bought—
Far more than "Uncle" said we ought.

Hark! There's a cry for Red Cross aid;
To suff'ring ease, when blood has paid
The price of honor on the field
Until the Kaiser's forced to yield.
Tho men we've sent—tho bonds we've
bought—
Far more than "Uncle" said we ought,
Old Oregon still holds her lead
And always will, in time of need.

Then here's a ho for Oregon!
Whose men and money forth have gone

NEW WAR SONGS

With willing hearts — from cheerful
hands—

To fight the foe in foreign lands.

To ease the wounded soldier's pain

A Red Cross nurse—'thout thot of gain

We've help'd equip—we'll help maintain

Until **our** boys come back again—

To Oregon—their Oregon—

Your State—and mine—**OUR OREGON—**

Nor yet forget the ones who've gone

For Stars and Stripes—and Oregon.

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